TROUBLE EVERYWHERE.

- There's trouble in the dwelling,
 Trouble on the street;
 There's trouble in the bosom
 Of every one we meet;
 Morn ng, noon and midnight
 There's trouble in the air;
 And, oh! there's no denying
 There's trouble everywhere.
- There's trouble in the garden;
 Beside the sweetest rose,
 Beside the fairest life,
 The thorn of trouble grows;
 There's trouble on the ocean;
 There's trouble on the land;
 And when the sunshine's brightest
 There's trouble close at hand.

- From troubles that pursue us
 We never can escape:
 They're sure to overtake us
 In some peculiar shape:
 To circle slowly round us,
 Or selze us, unaware:
 Trouble's sure to find us, for
 There's trouble everywhere.
- But after storms of trouble.
- How blessed is the calm!
 And after wounds of warfare,
 How scothing is the baim!
 And when from tribulations
 Our spirits have release.
 If but for one brief moment,
 We know the joy of peace.
- So trouble has its mission,
 As through the world it goes,
 A message unto mortals
 In every breeze that blows:
- Gives courage to the hero: To every laborer wealth. "Tis trouble that incites us
- Tis trouble that incites us
 To brave and daring deeds.
 Tis trouble that prepares us
 To feel another's needs:
 Each heart must bear its burden
 Of suffering and care:
 For man is born to trouble.
 And he finds it—ever, where.
 —Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE DIVIDED HOUSE.

Theodore Huxter, at Last, Makes it a Unit.

When Selucius Huxter had arrived at his last illness, he proved himself more than ever in his life troublesome and wearing. Having a suspicion that his condition was worse than his doctor or children allowed, he gave them no peace until he had ex-tracted an admission that such was the case. Left alone with the doctor, at his request, he approached him:
"Ye might as well told me before as let

me lay here thinkin' and stewin' about it. I've lost a sight of strength tryin' to git the truth from ye, and there wa'n't no need. Wall—I suppose I ain't reely dyin' now. while I'm a talkin', be I!"

Wall—I suppose I ain't reely dyin' now, while I'm a talkin', be I!"

Assured as to that point, he added: "The reason I wanted to know is because I've got to fix my concerns so as to leave 'em as well as I can, and all I want of you is that when you think I'm—wall—if you see there's goin' to be a chango. I want you should tell me, so's I can straighten things right out and git their consent to it."

Having promised, the doctor apprised him as the last mements drew near.

"Shoo! I want to know! Why I feel full as well as I did yes'dy, and a leetle grain easier, if any thin."

"I hope this notice does not find you unprepared," observed the doctor.

"Well, no, I'm prepared as much as I can be, as you may say. I've been a member in good and regular standin' this fifty-five year—and I hain't arrived at my age without seeing there's somethin' in life besides livin." He paused, then added with an accent of pride: "I don't owe any man a cent, nor never cheated a man of one. Wall, I've had quite a spell to think of things in durin' my sickness and I don't know but what I've enjoyed it considerable. Thought of things all along back to when I was a boy. Events come up that I'd clean forgot."

The doctor gone, he called his children in.

"Well, Armidy; well. Lucas, the doctor

you won't have no trouble with it. No use wastin' money gettin' lawyers here. There ain't no cheatin' nor double-dealin' anywhere to be found among the Huxters nor the Lucases and when you give me your promises to abide by my last will and testament I shall expect you to hold to it jist the same as if it was writ out.

"Naow about the farm and house. The house, as you know, stands in the middle line of the farm, that is, the north side has a leetle the advantage in hevin' the Jabez Norcross paster tacked onto it, over and above the south half, but it's near enough. That paster don't count for much. Pooty thick with sheep laurel. Well, seein' the land lies jist as it does, and the house is jist as it is, I propose to divide it even. Lucas, you can have the north half and Armidy the south, beginnin' right to the front door you can have the north half and Armidy the south beginnin' right to the front door and runnin' right through the house and right along down to the river, straight as you can fetch it. Do you agree to my plan!"

plan!"
Armida and Lucas exchanged glances.
"You speak," said Lucas, in a low tone.
"No, you," said Armida.
"What you whisperin about! Praps you think I can't hear because I'm dyin' but I'd have you to know my hearin' ain't affected a grain. Speak up, now! What is it, Lucas!"

"We were thinkin' of Theodore," said

e were thinkin' of Theodore," said Lucas. "You're leavin' him out, seems so."
"Tain't 'cause I forgot him, but I give
him all I cal'lated to when he quit home
five year ago—money, and so I shan't leave
him any thin'. Wouldn't do him no good
if I did," he said to himself.

him any thin'. Wouldn't do him no good if I did." he said to himself.

"Well. we should feel better if you did," said Armida. "I don't want he should be left out. Neither would mother if she was livin'; she'd feel bad."

"PII settle it with your ma when I see her. Come, now, what do you say!"

There was a long silence, which Armida broke by saying:

broke by saving:
"S'posin' him or me was to want to leave

the place—I mean for good—get tired of stayin' here to home!"
"Wall," said her father, with a chuckle,

"Wall," said her father, with a chuckle, if either of you feels like givin' your share to the other, you may. I ain't goin' to leave my old place for either of you to sell to each other nor nobody else. I expect you to live on't."

"Well," now objected Lucas, "s'posin' one of us should git married; then how would it be!"

"Why, live along. Put in and work a

would it be?"

"Why, live along. Put in and work a leetle harder, may be. This farm carried a pooty fair number when I was younger. If you should git too numerons you could build on either side. I guess there ain't no great danger," he added.

As neither offered further objections Mr. Huxter said: "There's been talk enough, I s'pose. Do you agree to 't!" He waited while each gave an audible "yes." "Now." said he, "I hain't an earthly thing to hamper me."

while each gave an audible "yes." "Now." said he, "I hain't an earthly thing to hamper me."

The father dead, for the brother and sister no new life began. Armida still stimmed all the make and made the butter, looked after Lucas as she had before, and Lucas attended impartially to the whole of the farm, and Armida sometimes wondered what difference it made. To be sure the profits were divided with the most rigid exactness, but everything went tranquilly on until more than a year after father's death, when Armida had a suspicion, confirmed by appearances, that Lucas was becoming interested in a young girl in a maighborhood a few miles away. The spirit of jealousy surely animated poor Armida, for nothing else could have prompted her action. Having ascertained the girl's name, she caused to be conveyed to her the facts, colored for the occasion, relating to the main chance, bluntly told Lucas when ast colors. Why don't you spend your money on yourself. You'd a sight better get you a coat."

Lucas had thought all might go on mast had thought all might go on the searching the situation. Inquiring as to who had meddled is his affairs, he traced.

Next hough no longer (according to an understood law) joined in the conversation, attil had the benefit of Theodore's narratives. He was busy too, in his way. He was indefatigable in berry-picking and her begathering, selling what Armidas and Lucas did not wish, and showing not a little shrwomes. When he had laid a little browness did not wish, and showing not a little shrwomes. When he had laid a little browness. When he had laid a little browness did not wish, and showing not a little shrwomes. When he had laid a little browness. When he had laid a little browness. When he had laid a little shrwomes. When he had laid a little browness dependences of poppermint, wintergreen and other sweet-smelling herbs and roots, and when a store was accumulated by filled sweences of poppermint, wintergreen and other sweet-smelling herbs and roots, and the was the about the was the about

the matter back to Armida, and coming home mortified and angry, reproached her in unsparing terms, ending his recital of wrongs with: "I don't know what you did it for, unless you was afraid your half was going to be invaded: and if you feel that way, you'd better keep to your side, and take care of your own property. I ain't going to interfere."

Armida was powerless to protect harmif

take care of your own property. I ain't going to interfere."

Armids was powerless to protect herself except with tears, which did not avail with Lucas. She made overtures of peace, such as offering to cook her brother's meals and look after his share of the milk, but was warned to attend to her own business.

Lucas had a new pipe-hole made in the kitchen chimney and bought a new stove, and hunted up a kitchen table, telling Armida she was welcome to the stove and table they had previously used in common, but he'd thank her to stay on her own side of the room. The situation would have been ludicrous if it had not been grim earnest to the brother and sister. Lucas had a hard side to his character, and he could not forgive his sister's interference. He would not even give Armida advice, but allowed her cows to break into her cornfield and her sheep to stray away without warning her, though all the while his beart pricked him at sight of her distress. Still, all he would do was to suggest that she get a hired man.

Accordingly Armida, in despair, hired an easy-going, good-natured creature, that offered him at sign and her sale and formed him at sign and say-going.

a hired man.

Accordingly Armida, in despair, hired an eavygoing, good-natured creature, that offered his services. He did very well, and Armida got on better—and took courage.

But there was a dreadful blow in store for her. Lucas brought a gang of carpenters to the farm, who instituted repairs on his half of the house. He even went so far as to commit the extravagance of having blinds hung for his sitting room and front chamber windows and his half of the front porch was trimmed with brackets and then the whole of his half of the house painted white, so that his neighbors railied him on being proud, "Only," as one said, "Why don't you extend your improvements right along acrost the house, Lucas! It looks sorter queer to see one half so fine and the other half so slack."

"Armida's free to do as she's a mind to," said Lucas. "If she wants to fix up her side, she can. I don't hinder her—"
"Nor you don't help her either, as I see," said the other.

"I believe in tending to your own affairs and not interfairs."

"Nor you don't help her either, as I see," said the other.
"I believe in tending to your own affairs and not interferin' with other folks," Lucas rejoined.

Armida was made very unhappy by these changes and the comments of the neighbors and would gladly have beautified her half also, but had no money to spend. The farm had fallen behind and she was pinched for means. She did what she could taking more care than usual of vines and flowers, and even had an extra bed dug under her front windows, where she had many bright-hued flowers, but as she rose from digging around her plants and surveyed the house—Lucas' side with the new green blinds and the clapboards shining with paint, hers, with its stained, weather-beatm appearance and its staring windows—she felt ashamed and discouraged.

She feared her hired man was slack and

windows—she telt asalamed and discouraged.

She feared her hired man was slack and neglected his work, yet when he threatened to go and afterward compromised the matter by offering to stay if she'd marry him, at a loss what to do, and partly because she was lonely, she married him. He was a respectable man, whose only fault was laziness, and she honed that now he would take an interest. When Armida and her husband came back from the minister's and announced to Lucas that they were married, his only comment was: "Well, a slack help will make a shif'less husband." Years went by, and Armida's side of the house fell more and more into ruin, while Lucas, with what Armida considered cruel carefulness, kept his in excellent repair and occasionally renewed the paint. The contrast was so great that passers-by stopped their horses that they might look and wonder at their leisure. Every glance was like a blow to Armida, so that she avoided her sitting-room and kept herself in the uncomfortable kitchen, that was divided by an imaginary line directly through the middle—a line never crossed by her brother, her husband or herself.

It would have looked absurd enough to a stranger to see this divided room, with the brother clumsily carrying on his household affairs on the one side and the sister doing her work on the other, with often not a word exchanged between them for days together. Absurd it might be, but it was certainly wretched. Armida grewold rapidly. Her husband was a poor stick, and when as years passed a touch of rheumatism gave him a real excuse for laziness, he did little more than sit by the fire and smoke.

As Armida sat on the bench under the old

amoke.

As Armida sat on the bench under the old russet apple tree by the back door one day regretting her evil fate, she heard footstops approaching, and pushing back her old sun-bonnet looked up to see a shabby, shambling, oldish man coming around the side of the house and gazing in at the windows. "What ye doin' there!" said Armida sharply. The doctor gone, he called his children in.

"Well, Armidy: well. Lucas, the doctor don't seem to think I shall tucker it out much longer. Wall, naow." he exclaimed, quite vexed, "I vow for't I didn't forget to ask him how long! Wall, too late now. He's got out of sight, I s'pose."

Armidy stepped to the window and assured him of the fact.

"Wall, no great matter. I jist thought if I could git him to fix the time I'd like to see how nigh he'd hit it.

"Now, I want to fix the property so's't you won't have no trouble with it. No use wastin' money gettin' lawyers here. There ain't no cheatin' nor double-dealin' any.

"Theodore Huxter! I st hat you! Well"—and she burried up to him and shook hands violently.

"The man turned, surveyed her with a smile, then said with a drawl she remembered: "I hain't been gone so long but that I know ye, Armida. Don't you remember me!"

"Theodore Huxter! Is that you! Well"—and she burried up to him and shook hands violently.

hands violently.
"I heard only last week that father was dead," he explained. "I see a man from this way and he said he was gone. How

dead," he explained. "I see a man from this way and he said he was gone. How long since!"

"More than ten years ago."

"Well, I thought I'd come and see ye."

"I'm giad you did," she said. "But come right in;" and she led the way into the kitchen.

He leaned up against the door and surveyed the room. "I should 'a' sposed I'd have remembered this room, but what ye don to it! What hev ye got two stoves and two tables and all that for, Armidy!"

Armida told him all, winding up her story with a few tears.

"That accounts for the looks of the outside, I spose," was his only comment. "I thought it was about the queerest I ever see. It's ridiculous! Why havon't you and Lucas straightened out affairs before this!"

"I can't and he can't, I suppose," she said, hopelessly: "and every thing makes it worse. I wouldn't care if he hadn't fixed up the outside the way he did."

"O, well, now, don't you fret. If I had money—but then, I havan't."

up the outside the way he did."
"O, well, now, don't you fret. If I had money—but then, I haven't."
"How have you lived sence you left home!" Armida inquired.
"Why. I've had a still and made essence and peddled it out, but I sold the still to git money to come here, and it took all I had." "Well, now, Theodore, I wish you'd stay

"Well, now, Theodore, I wish you'd stay here, now you've got round again," said Armida, with great earnestness. "I've worried about you a sight. I'd be glad to have you, and Lucas would. I know."

To spare a possible rebuff for Theodore she ran out as she saw Lucas coming to the house to got his supper, and apprised him of his brother's arrival, glad to find that he shared her pleasure in it. As Lucas entered the room he shook hands with Theodore, saying: "How are ye!" to which Theodore responded with: "How are you. Lucas!"

Theodore was a relief and pleasure to all the family. He observed a strict impar-

dore, saying: "How are yes" to which Theodore responded with: "How are you, Lucas!"

Theodore was a relief and pleasure to all the family. He observed a strict impartiality. If he split some kindling wood for Armida he churned for Lucas. If he took Armida's old horse to be shod he helped Lucas wash his sheep. He accepted every thing, asking no questions after the first evening, but kept an observant eye on all. Both Lucas and Armida had loved him since their earliest remembrance, and retained their old fondness for him now. He was a welcome guest on either side of the kitchen, and though when he announced of an evening that he was going visiting and stepped across the line to the other side of the half from where he had been sitting, the owner of the side he honored felt pleased by the distinction, yet those on the opposite side, though no longer (according to an understood law) joined in the conversation, still had the benefit of Theodore's narratives. He was busy, too, in his way. He was indefatigable in berry-picking and herb-gathering, selling what Armida and Lucas did not wish, and showing not a little shrewdness. When he had iaid a little money together he bought a still and distilled essences of peppermint, wintergreen and other sweet-smelling herbs and roots, and when a store was accumulated he filled a basket and departed on a peddiing expedition, returning with money in his purse and a handkerchief or ribbon for Armida. Once he bought her a stuff gown, which she came near running by weeping over it, it was such a delight.

Lucas remonstrated. "I think you're foolish, Theodore. Why don't you spend your money on yourself. You'd a sight better get you a coat."

"I'd rather see Armida crying over that stuff," said Theodore. Why don't you spend your money on yourself. You'd a sight better get you a coat."

"I'd rather see Armida crying over that stuff," said Theodore. "Han have a dozen coat."

"I'd rather see Armida crying over that stuff," said Theodore better that the see a success were the Venetian boug

blinds that he bought second-handed and gave to Armida to hang in the sitting-room. They proved to be in a sorry condition, and Theodore was much mortified. Being a handy creature, he managed to patch them up so that though they could not be rolled up, they looked very well from the outside, and, as he philosophically remarked:

"What more do you want, Armidy! A room you never sit in, you don't want any light in."

There was one thing that Theodore would not do. He would not, as he said, fellowship with Jerry, Armida's husband. 'Tell you, Armidy,' he would say, "I can't put up with a man like him."

"Some folks call you shif'less, Theodore," Armida retorted with bitterness.

"Well, I am." he allowed, "but the difference is, I'm lazy and work my fashion, but he's lazy and don't work at all."

Though he disdained Jerry, he would rather do his tasks than see Armida's interests suffer, and when he was not occupied with his still or peddling he busied himself on her side of the farm. Lucas would at any time give him a helping hand rather than see Theodore hurt himself, and so Armida's fences were mended and sundry repairs on her barns and outhouses made. Lucas was still as stiff as ever, and the help was always to oblige Theodore, who laughed to himself but said nothing.

He once attempted to wheedle Lucas into

bouses made. Lucas was still as stiff as ever, and the help was always to oblige Theodore, who laughed to himself but said nothing.

He once attempted to wheedle Lucas into painting, at least all of the front of the house, but Lucas was not to be moved. Disappointed in that, Theodore brought home a pot of yellow paint when returning from his next expedition, and painted his sister's half of the kitchen floor, in spite of her remonstrating that Lucas wouldn't like it, though she acknowledged it looked pretty, and of Lucas's vexation at finding the room ridiculous.

"No more ridiculous than it was before," Theodore assured him; "it couldn't be. Besides," he added as an afterthought, "I'll bring it plump up to the middle, and neither of you will be trespassin' on the other's side. I noticed one of your chairs was a leetle grain onto Armida's side the other night, and that ain't right."

In the middle of an afternoon, as Lucas was plowing out his corn, he heard a "hello!" to which, when it had been two or three times repeated, he replied, though without looking around. Presently he heard some one coming, in a sort of scutfing run and breathing heavily, and looked over his shoulder to see Theodore, who dropped into a walk as he spied him, and gasped: "Lucas! Say! Stop! Look here!" "Well!" said Lucas, and pulled up his horse.

"The too old to run like this, that's a fact," and Theodore mopping his face and leaning up against the plow. "There's a query lees of work for us to do, Lucas. Armidy's all smashed up on the road right house, his shoulder to see Theodore, who dropped into a walk as he spied him, and leaning up against the plow. "There's a query lies of the room and fulcas, after an awkward pause. "I'm had been two or three it was plowing out his corn, he heard as a manufactural particular to be a strong the property. The particular to the road of the room and fulcas, after an awkward pause. "I'm had been turn the second of the room and fulcas, after an awkward pause. "I'm had been turn the second of the room a

down here on that second dip, and I guess Jerry is stone dead, and we must fetch 'om up just as soon as we can."

Lucas made no comment, but mechanically unfastened the horse and turned toward the house, his brother stumbling behind, quite exhausted by the hurry and fatigue of the hour.

As they went Lucas said: "How did you come to know of it?"

"Well, it was curious." said Theodore. "You know I had old Sam this morning, bringing in a little jag of wood for Armida and lengthened out the traces to fit the old waggin. Well, all I know about it is what I guess. I see from the looks they must 'a' concluded to go to the village with some eggs and so on, 'cause you can see in the road where they smashed when the basket flew out; and Jerry didn't know no more than to hitch up into the buggy without shortenin' the traces and you know how that would work. Well, the cur'us thing is, that I was out in the paster mowin' some brakes—(here, let me hitch up this side while you do the other)—and I heard somebody or somethin' comin' slam bang and I looked up—I wan't near enough so as to see who it was nor any thin'—and I looked up and see 'em comin' like hudy down one of them pitches. Thinks, said I, well, there's a hitch-up that's goin' to filinders—and just then the forward wheel struck a big stone a hitch-up that's goin' to flinders—and just then the forward wheel struck a big stone and I see the woman and man and all fly inter the air and come down agin and the

inter the air and come down agin and the hoss went."

"Where's the hoss now?" said Lucas.

"I don't know and I don't care. Tell ye—best put a feather bed in the bottom of this waggin, because her arm's broke for certain and I don't know what else. I'll fetch it—if you've got some spirits."

"Yes," said Lucas, "I'll fetch some;" and both hurried into the house and soon came out again and hastened off.

"How did you know who 'twas!" Lucas inquired with solemn curiosity fitting the occasion.

inquired with solemn curiosity fitting the occasion.

"Why, I didn't but I knew when they didn't offer to git up, whoever 'twas wanted help, and I put across the lot to 'em, and sure enough 'twas Armidy and Jerry. I looked her over, and see by the way she lay that one of her arms was broke anyway, and stepped over to where Jerry was, and, sir, he was dead as Moses! Head struck right on a big stone and broke his neck—his head hung down like that," letting his hand fall limply from the wrist.

"Does she know!" said Lucas.

"No, and I hope she won't for a spell. She hadn't come to when I left her."

Lucas struck the horse with the end of

the reins to urge him on.

"There, now you cau see 'em," said Theodors, rising in his seat and pointing down the road Lucas followed his example, and looking before them they could see both husband and wife lying motionless in the road.

looking before them they could see both husband and wife lying motionless in the road.

Between them they soon lifted poor Armida into the wagon and laid her on the bed as tenderly as might be, eliciting a groan by the operation.

"Best give her some!" said Lucas, bringing a bottle of brandy from out his pocket. "Come to think of it, best not. She won't sense it so much if she don't realize."

A brief examination of Jerry was sufficient. The brothers exchanged glances and shakes of the head. "And to think," said Theodore, as they regarded the body, "that it was only this morning I said to Armidy, there was one tramp too many in the house, meaning me, and now to have my words brought before melike this! "Twan't any thing but a joke, but I hope she won't remember it against me."

"Well, first thing we've got to do is to get hert ot he house." said Lucas.

Armida having been made as comfortable as the present would allow, and Jerry having been brought up and consigned to the best chamber as befitted his state. Lucas hastened after the doctor and Aunt Polly Slater. The doctor found Armida in a sad stats. "Though I don't think," he assured the brother, "if she isn't worried she will be hard sick. She's naturally rugged, and it's merely a simple fracture of the forearm. The sprained ankle will be the most tedious thing, but I must charge you to keep her in ignorance of her husband's death."

Theodore spelled Aunt Polly in caring for Armida, and never was woman more for the forearm of the

band's death."

Theodore spelled Aunt Polly in caring for Armida, and never was woman more tenderly cared for. Many were the lies he was forced to tell as Armida was first surprised, then indignant, at Jerry's apparent

prised, then indignant, at Jerry's apparent neglect.

"Even Lucas has come to the door and looked at me," she complained, "and Jerry ain't so much as been near me."

Theodore was fain to concoct a story about a strained back that would not allow Jerry to rise from the bed. When it was deemed prudent to tell her, the task fell to Theodore, who was very tender of his sister, remembering that, though he considered Jerry a shiftless, poor shack of a creature, Armida probably had affection for him. She took her loss very quietly.

"He was always good to me," she said, "and he cared for me when no one else did."

"You're wrong thera," Theodore remon-

"and he cared for me when no one else did."

"You're wrong there," Theodore remonstrated.

"I used to tell myself I was," she replied, sadly. "I know I gave the first offense, but Lucas never would a' done as he did by the house if he'd cared for ms.

Lucas heard the repreach where he stood out of sight in the little entry that led to Armida's room, listening to the brother and sister as they talked together within. He often lingered there, wishing to enter, but not daring to; longing to atone for the unhappiness he had caused his sister, but not knowing how to set about it. He was one of those dumb natures which have no language, and it was an impossibility that he should frankly own his fault and ask forgiveness, but he could act, and Armida's complaint, overheard by him, showed him what to do.

Taking Theodore into his confidence he

ber by saying it didn't make much difference, a new coat couldn't make it any whiter than it was.

When both sides of the front porch were alike, and the whole house shone with white paint, and there were as many blinds on one side of the house as the other, Lucas turned his attention to that debatable ground, the kitchen.

It was a great day when Armida was pronounced well enough to eat breakfast in the kitchen. Hobiling with the aid of Theodore's arm, she stepped on the threshold and lookel over to where Lucas stood by his window. He greeted her with: "How are ye, Armidy!" but did not leave his place.

Armida looked about her. "It seems good to git out of my bedroom," she began—then she stopped, gazed about her and sank into a convenient chair, exclaiming: "What does it mean!"

For both hers and Lucas' old stoves were gone and a new one stood directly before the middle of the chimuey, with its pipe running into the old pipe-hole that they used before the house was divided. The coffee-pot steamed and bubbled over the fire, and a platter of ham and eggs stood on the hearth, while the table set for breakfast was placed exactly in the center of the room, whose dividing line had been wiped out by the paint-brush that had made Lucas's side shine with yellow paint like her own.

"What does it mean!" she oried, trem-

wrapped it round her, then put on her bonnet.

"Can't you and I," he said to Theodore, "make a chair and take her out? You hain't forgot sence you left school, hev you!"

Locking their hands together they formed what school children called a chair, and lifting Armida between them carried her through the hall, out at the front door, down the walk to the gate and turned round; while Theodore bade his sister look up at the house. Armida obeyed. She saw the house glistening with paint, her side of it as white as Lucas, and blinds adorning her front windows, while the front porch,

it as white as Lucas, and blinds adorning her front windows, while the front porch, with new laid floor and steps and bristling with brackets, was, in her eyes, the most imposing of entrances.

Could it be true! she asked herself, and shut her eyes, then glanced again, then looked at her brothers, who were both silent. Theodore smilling with joy, while Lucas looked gravely down at her.

"O, Lucas!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "you done this for me!"

me!"
"I told you I was sorry, Armidy," he said.—Julia D. Whiting, in Louisville Courier-

A PLANT HOSPITAL.

How Sickly Shrubs and House-Plants ar "Heard I had started what?"

claimed Mr. Rose, the florist. "A plant hospital for sick and debilitated posies." "Well, I guess you'd think so.

began to think of establishing another branch to my business last fall and calling it a consumptives' home." "You dont mean to say that the busi ness is so extensive as to warrant mak-

ing aspecialty of it?" "You just drop around here the second week in September and see the perfect avalanche of scrawny, halfarved, neglected, bilious, and colicky looking patients I have consigned to my care for the winter, expecting that I can put new life into them before spring comes again and return them to their homes in full bloom of health Why, actually, I have had dead patients brought in for me to bring to life again, and no amount of persuasion on my part could make the par-

ties bringing them believe but what it "What class of invalids are usually brought in?" "Tropical plants, rubbers, lobelias and camellias. They are families brought up in the South whose peculiar, delicate constitution is not adapted to the jump-jack changes of weather in the North around the lakes. The business is a great annoyance, for I can not make any profit from it to speak of; but, as the parties asking to have their patients cared for are

have their patients cared for are my best winter customers, I can not well "Who are they principally?" "People who live on the swell avenues who travel a great deal—go abroad part of the winter and to the

"Do you have any plants to board during the summer?" "Yes, but not so many in proportion to what I receive in the fall. people are away at the seaside or mountains I play doctor and visit their pets, administer physic and perform surgical operations, amputate diseased and affected limbs. Do you see that load on the wagon outside? They have been here all winter. They looked like a batch of dried-up weeds when I tool

them in.' "What was done to them to bring "What was done to them to bring them to the condition they are in now?"
"We changed the loam, put in a fertilizer, and kept them well trimmed through the winter. A small shrub that is kept trimmed has less branches to draw away the vitality of the plant stock, and is far more liable to blossom heavily and last longer than plants left to shape themselves. Again, they present a more symmetrical appearance and please the eye thereby."
"How long has this business been a

ance and please the eye thereby."

"How long has this business been a custom? Where did it originate?"

"Where it originated I do not believe any one could tell you, and I suppose it has been in vogue to a small extent as long ago as people who kept house plants and private conservatories were obliged to have some one take care of them while they traveled."—Chicago them while they traveled."-Chicago

-Bread griddle cakes are excellen and may be made of stale bread. Soak a small bowl of bread over night in a small bowl of bread over night in milk. In the morning mix nalf a cupful of flour, into which is put one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, with one quart of milk, three well-beaten eggs and a little salt. Beat up the bread with this batter until it is very light and fry a delicate brown. The batter should be thick.—Boston Budget.

—The trustees of Columbia College at a recent meeting decided to admit in future to their association women on exactly the same footing as men.—N.

Y. Tribune.

-Harvard is still the largest college in the country; Oberlin comes second, and Columbia has fallen to third place; Michigan is fourth, and Yale fifth.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

-Julia Foot, a colored evangelist, has been conducting revival meetings in Denver. She is described as a good preacher, with strong, full voice and considerable natural ability.

Oscar H. Cooper, who has been chosen State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Texas, is only twenty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of Yale College.—Chicago Mail.

—About one-fifth of the population of Philadelphia is in the Sunday-school.

There are in the city 650 Sunday-schools, with an attendance of 186,830 scholars and over 16,000 teachers.-

-The total receipts of the Methodist —The total receipts of the Methodist Missionary Society during the first six months of the present fiscal year, from November 1 to April 30, 1886, were \$462,746.72. This is an increase over the corresponding six months of the previous year of \$83,617.04.—The Interior.

terior.

—The colored Methodists have now the largest church in Washington. It is on M street, between Fitmath and Sixteenth streets, northwest, in a fasci-ionable neighborhood. It cost \$116,-000, of which all but \$40,000 has been raised, and seats 2,800 people. - Washington Post.

-In the State of Iowa there are 254 Congregational churches; they have 217 ministers, 18,223 members, 26,079 in the Sunday-schools; they have church property valued at \$855,480, and parsonages at \$68,700. They pay their pastors \$132,600, and for benevolent purposes gave last year over \$33,-000.—Iowa State Register.

—The Presbyterian General Assembly has decided to hold the one hun dredth General Assembly at Philadelphia in 1888, and to make the second Thursday of the session a day of jubilee in the churches all over the world. It has also been decided to raise a cen-tenary fund of \$5,000,000 for the benefit of the various church enterprises .-Christian at Work.

-The pastor of the colored church at Fort Gaines, Ga., succeeded in having the church debt liquidated in a very novel manner. The members had bound themselves under a promise to pay it, and a few Sundays ago the pastor informed them that if they did not pay it at once he would turn them out of church for lying. The next Sun-day each member of the congregation brought \$1.50, and the debt was paid—

Chicago Times. —A case involving the right of cities in Georgia to collect taxes upon church property has been decided in favor of the churches by the Supreme Court of that State. It was a suit of the city of Atlanta to collect the assessment for street-paving from the churches thus beuefited. The Supreme Court decided that public policy required the encouragement of church work and that the congregation were not subject to tax-ation, no matter under what guise it was sought to be collected.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An exchange gravely inquires:
"Why will men lie?" Because men
will go fishing.—Chicago Journal.
—"lsn't it heavenly?" ejaculated Miss
Gush in reference to Miss Pedal's performance on the piano. "Yes," replied
Fogg, "it is indeed heavenly. It sounds
like thunder."—Reston Transcript like thunder."-Boston Transcript.

-A dead shark was washed ashore in Charleston the other day. The lawyers, after weeping over it, buried it with all the honors due to a member of the bar.—Philadelphia Herald.

-The Salvation Army at Washington pronounce the letter R, and next week will venture forth for the first time without a cane.—Philadelphia Call.

—The writer of the new song, "I Love You, Darling, in My Dreams," should not forget that dreams go by contraries. Little mistakes like this sometimes produce a discord .- Washington Critic. -"It is about time to cry halt on

slang," shouts the Pittsburgh Tele-graph. You bet. It's time slang had played out. Let's all give it the grand bounce -knock it higher'n a kite, as it were. -Norristown Herald.

-Adoring grandmother-"Isn't he a lovely child?" Calm visitor-"Yes, he's a nice little baby." Adoring grandmother—"And so intelligent! He just lies there all day and breathes, and breathes, and breathes."—San Francisco News-Letter.

- "Well you are a nice sort of fellow, anyway," said a somewhat persistent lawyer to a witness who had proved rather a "dry milker" to his diligent cross-examination. "I would say as much of you, sir," retorted the witness, "if I were under oath."-Peck's

Sun.
—Wife (Sunday night)—"Where have
you been, John?" Husband—"Been
t' sacred concert listening to (hic)
sacred music." Wife (sarcastically)—
"Yes, and drinking sacred beer and
whisky, and smoking sacred cigars. If there are saints on this earth, John Smith, you are one of them."—Life. —"Mary Ann, what was you sitting up last night reading? Was it a novel? Tell your mother." "Yes, it was a novel." "An' who writ it?" "Dumas the Elder." "Now, don't tell me that. Who ever heard of an elder writin' a the Elder."

novel that you'd sit up half the night and read."-N. Y. Independent. -"Pretty? No, I won't say baby is pretty." declared a young mother, "for pretty," declared a young mother, "for I can speak of him impartially, even though he is my own, and that's more than most mothers can do. He has lovely blue eyes, perfect in shape; hair like the morning sunshine; mouth—well, no rosebud could be sweeter; complexion divinely fair; nose just too cunning for any thing; in fact, he's faultless. But I won't say he's pretty."—Harper's Bazar.

Summer Hotel Manager-Yes, I am looking for a head clerk, and if you can give satisfactory references I don't see why we shouldn't come to some agree-ment. What have you been doing of Applicant—I am an ex-hackman from Niagara.

Niagars.
Summer Hotel Manager—And how about references?
Applicant—It is forty-eight carat stone, and weighs four pounds, and when I wear it upon an immaculate shirt front—
Summer Hotel Manager—That settles it. Front! show this gentlemen the

FOR SUNDAY READING.

SEEKING REST.

Not where the clover blooms are s Not where the birds are singing. Not where beneath my idle feet The daisted grass is springing, Would I find rest; for clover flowe Too quickly fade away. And birds forget in winter hours The songs they sang in May.

Not in unclasping, wish tired hands, The yoke of toil and care, Not in the loosening of those bands We all alike must bear, Would I find rest; for strength comes The fainting heart to bless. And rather would I bear my lot Than wish my burden less.

Not in a timid holding back
From life's least pleasant duty,
Not in fond gazing on the track
Of all its free glad beauty,
Would I find rest; for Joys of earth
Are brief as they are bright,
and beauty, save of Heavenly birth,
Will perish in a night.

Yet would I gisdly seek and find
A rest for my tired heart,
A rest from longings vain and blind,
And wild desires that start;
A rest from self and selfish onds,
From idleness unblost,
From all that with earth's frailty blends,
Would I and rest, sweet rost.

Pd seek it in a Heavenly scene
Where discord never mars;
I'd seek it in its boune screne
Beyond the quiet stars.
I'd ind it when my wayward will
Bow d in aubmission blest—
I'd find it where my Saviour still
Gives to His people rest!
—Mrs. R. M. Rogers, in Churchman.

GROWING OLD.

The Joyful Prospect Before the Age Christian-Hopeful, Happy and Useful. To the man who lives only for this world, who has no hope or inheritance beyond, it must be sad indeed to feel that he is growing old. Soon he must leave all that he has toiled so hard to secure. There is a limit to human life. He knows not just where it is in his own case; but he is nearer to it at sixty than at fifty. The years fly faster,

too. Weeks becomes what days were in youth. Plans for worldly success multiply. Possibilities of greater things than he has attained loom up before him and lure on. And yet, as he looks and longs and toils, he is conscious that his strength is failing, that what his hands find to do he can not ob with his might as in other days.
Oh, if he could live as long as Methuselah life would amount to something.
But to know that he must go away
just when he has begun to garner the
fruits of his labors clouds the declining years of him who has been most successful. But the case of the Christian is far

different. He has a new life in Christ —a life that is hid with Christ in God. Death will not avert the development of this life, will not interrupt its activities and its joys, but transfer it to a higher and wider sphere. He will take with him when he dies all that he really cared for on the earth. He will live right on with the objects that in-terested him. Hence, the conscious-ness of growing old is not depressing to the Christian. He is only so much nearer to a grand and glorious era in his experience of the power and the

hearer to a grand and giorious era in his experience of the power and the love of God.

It was this prospect that kindled in the breast of Paul the desire to depart of which he wrote to the Philippians. It was this which prompted him to say to Timothy: "I am ready to be offered." He knew that the day of his death would be his coronation day. his death would be his coronation day —that as soon as he was absent from the body he would be present with the Lord. Hence, when he wrote "Paul, the aged," it was rather with exulta-tion than with sadness. Weakness and pain are the loosing of the tentpins that the tabernacle might be taken down and he enter the building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. How beautiful is Bunyan's description of the aged

Christian in the land of Beulah: "Here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers ap-pear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun

Sweet is the trust of a soul in the day Sweet is the trust of a soul in the day of its espousals—the bright glad day of days when it can say: "My beloved is mine and I am his." But sweeter far is the trust that has grown through years of testing, and has found God's grace always sufficient. On such a well-tried hope the aged head can pillow itself and say with Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," say with Paul: "I know in whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him." A quaint old author writes:

I believe it is just as good to sing as it is to preach the Gospel. Men like

which I have committed to him." A quaint old author writes:

"Every aged Christian may be like Solomon in the temble: having Christ in his arms, he can say: 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." I pity the Christian who clings to life, and does not feel the growing attractions of the spirit world. We ought to be glad that we have passed safely so much of our probationary course; that we have been kept by the power of God, while, so many around us have failen; that we are near to our eternal home, where we shall see Christ in his beauty, and be united with the friends who have gone before us. And we ought to improve the little time that remains to us on the earth in doing all the good we can, in laying up in heaven all the treasures that we can. Aged Christians should be happy, and most of them are."

While hopeful and happy the aged Christian may be eminently useful. He can not lose his interest in the world though he is soon to leave it. It is the

He can not lose his interest in the world though he is soon to leave it. It is the world for which Christ died—the world in which Christ is carrying on His work of love. In it are souls as dear to him as life itself who are yet unsaved and whom he may yet be instrumental in bringing to Christ. Our mortal life is one day in the vineyard, and we have no right to quit toiling until the sun goes down. Nay, if we are true disciples of our Lord, we will want to be more active and earnest as the time more active and earnest as the time grows shorter. Paul, the aged, was full of zeal and abundant in labors to the last. When released from his first the last. When released from his first imprisonment at Rome he seems to have gone back to Asia Minor-to revisit the churches he had planted there. And then he hurried away to Spain, which was the farthest west at that day. Paul did some of his best missionary work after he wrote this letter to Philemon in which he calls himself "the aged." There need be no retired soldiers in the army of the Lord. Even the sick can do good service. am Exsoldiers in the army of the Lord. Even the sick can do good service. am Exples of patient suffering and of sweet acquescence in the will of God are more eloquent than sermons. The faithful believer who went about shining as a light in the world and directing his fellow men to Christ, when enfeebled by age and unable to go abroad any more, can make his chamber a light-house. And he can there offer up prayers that shall bring down priceless bleasing upon his kindred, upon the church and upon the world.

Then let us cherish the aged. Let us not speak or think of them as having outlived their usefulness. Let us listen reverently to their words of wis-

dom. Let us regard their presence with us as a benediction. Let us feet that the care they need is repaid a hundred-fold by their example and their prayers. One of the great and growing evils in our day is want of reverence for age. The young men are crowding the old men to the wall. They are claiming place and power in church and state, because they are young. This is the spirit of heathenism, and not of Christian civilization. Let the young men be patient. There is room for them, without disparaging or displacing their elders. And let churches and communities remember that experience is worth something that experience is worth something—that a man who has studied God's word for half a century, and seen its power tested in revivals and in pastoral work, may be a more useful minister than the theological fledgling.—Interior.

ENLARGEMENT.

The Larger the Heart the Greater Its Capacity for True Enjoyment. An apostle speaking in behalf of his fellow-laborers in the Gospel, said to the early Christians to whom he wrote: "Our heart is enlarged," and then he exorted them, saying: "Be ye also enlarged." This solicitude as to their being enlarged was fully warranted, if only the enjoyment of those thus cared for were taken into account. Were there no actual restraints upon rational enjoyment in the heart which is contracted by ignorance, selfishness and sinfulness, yet there must be a great limitation of its capacities for true enjoyment. No one supposes that the child is susceptible of the same degree of happiness as the man. The advancing maturity of years develops the powers, and enlarges the capabilities, for rendering available the various sources of enjoyment open to any in the ways of life which they may pursue. being enlarged was fully warranted, if

pursue.
Suppose that a degraded Hindoo or Hottentot should be raised to the condi-tion of a Sir Isaac Newton, in the mastion of a Sir Isaac Newton, in the mas-tery of science, and obviously his ex-pansion of mind must qualify him for inconceivably more enjoyment than he could have experienced in the low and circumscribed sphere of his former ex-istence. As a large vessel will hold more than a small one, so in the en-largement of the heart, it can contain more than in its lesser dimensions. It more than in its lesser dimensions. It is a common illustration of the different degrees of Heavenly blessedness to say that while some will enjoy more than others; as "one star different from an-

other star in glory," yet all will be perfectly happy, for every vessel will be full; none being but partly filled, but all ready to overflow.

Now it is obvious that the enlargement of the vessel would result in the increase of what it may contain. The larger the heart, the more enjoyment it can have; and it may be so small as it can have; and it may be so small as to have next to none at all. The happiness of all mankind, therefore, both here and hereafter, necessarily depends upon their compliance with the injunction; "Be ye enlarged." Whatever is conducive to intellectual, moral and spiritual enlargement is tributary to happiness. Knowledge and benevollence and piety all open the highest and purest sources of blissful experience, while ignorance and selfishness and irreligion are essential elements of wretchedness.

and irreligion are essential elements of wretchedness.

By retaining their natural contractedness of views and aspirations, multitudes will continue far removed from that in which they may be said to go on their way rejoicing, for they must remain strangers to that high and pure enjoyment to which all should aspire in the cultivation and exercise of the heart's best affections. But any, inknowing what they ought to know. knowing what they ought to know, and doing what they ought to do, and being what they ought to be, as intelligent, benevolent and consecrated servants of God, may be no strangers to enjoyment that is worthy of the name, and they can from their own happy experience testify, with the fullest

ance, that:

turtle in the land. In this country the sun shincth night and day. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, they met some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed. Yea, here, as the bridegroom rejoicet over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them."

ance, that:

"Religion never was designed.

To make our pleasures less."

It is not impossible, however, to be know very little of what real pleasure is, the heart not being large enough to hold more than the merest trifle of real delight. Those who can save with Penl delight. Those who can say with Paul and his gospel associates "Our heart is enlarged," can enter into the meaning of those other words of the same apostie: "I am filled with comfort, I am expectation is all over tribule.

it is to preach the Gospel. Men like singing as well as they like preaching. They like to hear it and take part in it. All we want is to get the Gospel down in their hearts. The angels sang "Glory to God" on the plains of Beth-lehem. I believe Charles Wesley was raised up of God to sing, just as much as John Wesley was raised up to preach the Gospel. And you can't go any-where but what you will find a man in some church congregation who can some church congregation who can quote some of Charles Wesley's hymns, while not a single line of John Wesley's sermons are remembered. They are in every land in Christendom. I once every land in Christendom. I once preached for a man, and he gave out the hymn and the choir began to sing. He gave me a book and told me the number of the hymn they were singing; but I could not tell where they were singing. Some high-toned people in the audience said it was very fine singing; but I didn't agree with them altogether; it was too high-toned for me. I could not tell whether they were singing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," or "Bock of Ages." I thought I would have the choir sing one piece I could understand, so I got up and gave out that good old-fashioned hymn, "Bock of ages, eleft for me,

"Rock of ages, eleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee,"

and I couldn't tell what they were singing. I want the singing plain. It does my heart good to go into a congregation, and if I don't have a book, I can tell what they are singing about. When God's children sing it makes Him happy, and He bends His ear down and hears it.—D. L. Moody, in N. Y. Independent.

Blunt speaking is sometimes a painful necessity; and blunt speaking is sometimes little less than brutality. The latter fact is generally forgotten by those who pride themselves on always saying just exactly what they mean; for those to whom blunt speaking is a painful necessity do not often boast about it.—Baptist Weekly.

Between grace and law there is no quarrel; they are made one in Christ. No one finds fault with natural law because it is arbitrary; why should they with moral law?—Dr. John Hall.